The News-Herald.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1886.

HILLSBORO. : : : OHIO.

MY NEIGHBOR'S BABY

"Blessed are the peacemakers."

A sturdy, fair-haired laddie
Was Roger, my neighbor's son,
With the innocent look in his blue
Of a life that has just begun.
When I see a crimson dress,
Hear a sweet, child-voice at play,
It always, somehow, reminds me
Of the baby over the way.

He was two years old that summer,—
I had never noticed the child,
Till one day, when I was passing,
He looked through the gate and smiled.
He made a pretty picture,
With the sun-light on his hair;
He wore a red dress I remember,
And his little feet were bare.

I had always a weakness for children,
So I stopped and spoke to the lad—
He told me what his name was,
And how many kittens he had.
He filled my hands with blossoms,
In spite of all I could say,
Then I lifted his face to kiss me
Before I turned away.

I guess I may as well tell you,
That my neighbor and I were—well,
Now I've begun the story,
I hardly know what to tell;
It was such a little matter
At first, but it ran along
As things will, if you let them,
When they've started to go wrong.

Until—I'm ashamed to say it,
Living as close as we do—
After a bitter quarrel,
When a cutting word or two
Passed back and forth between us,
We did not speak again.
Childish, you say: I know it,
But I didn't think so then.

But we were the best of comrades
The little Roger and I,
After that day when he kissed me,
As I was passing by.
I might turn toward my neighbor,
A face that was hard and grim;
But Roger, my neighbor's baby,
I had always a smile for him.

And so it went on all summer,
Till at last there came a day,
When strangely hushed and darkened
Was the cottage over the way.
A few words told the story—
A few words carelessly said,
But freighted with so much sadness—
"The baby, you know, is dead!"

I filled my hands with the flowers
I knew he loved the best,
And just as the sunset glory
Was fading out of the west,
I entered my neighbor's gateway,
Went up the path to the door—
The months had grown into years since I
Had trodden that path before.

But we who are very willful
By a little child are led,
As I entered the darkened chamber,
And stood beside the bed,
Where the silent form of Roger,
Half-covered with flowers, lay,
All my bitterness to my neighbor
For ever passed away.

It needs no words to explain it,
I think you will understand;
Over the little sleeper
I clasped my neighbor's hand.
The bond that was formed will never
Be broken till time shall cease,
For Roger, my neighbor's baby,
Has spoken the words of peace.
—*Good Housekeeping.*

SILAS' FLOWERS:

And Among them He Loved Little Althea Best.

There was no room for any flower-garden in front of the house, it stood so close to the road. The little cottage, unpainted, save for white strips around the windows, had an air of pushing forward timidly. The small, white, sharp-steepled meeting-house stood just opposite. There was a joke prevalent in the town about Silas Vinton's house having once started to go to meeting when the bell rang. The three uneven stone steps before the front door led quite down to the narrow sidewalk, which was scarcely more than a foot-path amongst grasses and weeds. The little strip of green under the two windows on each side of the front door was closed in neatly and trimly by a low fence of two whitewashed rails. Silas Vinton had tried to start some plants in their tiny inclosures, but it was of no use. The drip from the eaves directly into the roots kept the earth washed away from them. So there was nothing but the little pebbly strip, where the rain-drops fell, through the close green grass.

Silas had enough land at the rear of his house to make up for the want of it at the front. There were two good acres stretching back to the river-bank. One acre was the flower and vegetable garden, and the other was an apple orchard. There were cherry trees, but they were scattered about at intervals through the garden. This morning the trees were all in blossom, and some early flowers in the garden, and Silas was out there working. He had taken his coat off, and his blue calico shirt sleeves showed.

He was a young man under thirty, and he looked still younger. It was not so much because he was short and slender and fair-haired; the effect of childishness he gave came from some inward quality which shaped the outward to itself. People used to say: "Silas Vinton is a dreadful womanish sort of feller." But it was not womanishness nor boyishness, but that childhood which has no sex which appeared in his round, delicate face. When he was a baby he must have had that same look of wonder and inquiry and innocent speculation that he had now. He was at work near where the garden left off and the orchard begun. The flowering apple-trees were full of bees, and there was a cherrytree near him which swarmed with them. One could hear their murmuring, and through that, between the ranks of rosy trees, the spring rush of the river. The air was very sweet. Silas was setting out some potted plants which he had brought from the house. His windows were rigged with shelves for them from sill to ceiling. His house in winter was like a hot-house.

All the time Silas kept talking to himself, or rather murmuring. It was the way the bees did, and he might have been making honey, after a spiritual fashion, too. "Lilacs, and snowballs, and almond; apple blows, and cherry blows, and daffodils." He talked to himself about the plants he was setting out; where this one had better be put, and that one, and how deep holes to dig for them. But every now and then he cast his eyes about, and repeated: "Lilacs, and snowballs, and almond: apple blows, and cherry blows, and daffodils." It was like a refrain to his practical musings. These new flowers were in sight around him as he worked, and he kept counting them over as he might have counted jewels. He was so busy talking and working that he did not hear a girl's footstep on the garden path.

The first he heard was a timid, high-pitched voice, saying: "Silas."

He started, and looked around. "Why, Althea Rose, said he, "you thar! How still you came! I didn't hear you."

"Mother wants to know," the girl said, bashfully, "if you've got any parsnips you could let her have."

"Certain I have; a good parcel; and your mother's quite welcome to 'em. They're right over here."

Silas led the way, and the girl followed him. She had a basket in her hand. She was an odd-looking young girl. Her face was sweet and fair; her features were small and delicate, and had that quality about them which one calls waxen in lilies; but everything about her which did not depend directly on nature was peculiar. Her thick light hair was cut squarely across her neck, and shelved out around her ears. She had had a little stiff white sun-bonnet on her head, but she had taken it off as she came along, and held it dangling by the strings. Her dark calico dress was so prim in its cut it almost acquired an individuality from it. She was only sixteen, but the skirt touched the ground, and hid her little, coarsely shod feet. The waist was long and straight, and kept back all her pretty curves. She stood watching Silas as he got the parsnips. When he had filled her basket, and rose and turned to speak to her, the delicate color flushed up deeper in her cheeks, and her eyes changed like blue flowers when the wind strikes them.

"There," said he, "I've filled the basket full; and tell your mother she can have some more any time she wants 'em."

"Thank you," said Althea. She did not offer to pay him. Silas never would take any pay; he took pride in supplying the neighbors gratuitously with vegetables, and seemed hurt if any remuneration was offered.

Althea reached out her hand for the basket, but Silas kept it. "I'm going up to the house," said he, "and I'll carry it as far's the gate; it's kinder heavy."

Passing along by the clumps and little beds of early flowers, a thought struck him. "See here, Althea," said he, "don't you want a bunch of flowers?"

She gave him such a bashful smile that it ran into a silly giggle. "I—don't know."

"I'll pick you a bunch in a minute. I won't keep you waiting, for I suppose your mother wants to cook them parsnips for dinner. I'm going to have some for mine: got 'em all dug in the house."

Then he cut lavishly sprays of dioletra, or lady's ear-drop, snowballs, daffodils, flowering almond, and the other spring flowers. He stopped a moment hesitatingly at a lilac bush. "See here," said he, "I don't know as you like lilacs."

"Yes, I like 'em."

"Well, here's a bunch, then. I didn't know but what you mightn't like 'em; some folks don't. I reckon it's 'most too strong a drink of spring, if I can put it that way, to some. I can stan' it."

When he handed her the enormous nosegay he had cut for her, he looked at her uncovered head. "Ain't you afraid of gettin' burnt, without your bonnet?" asked he.

She gave her sun-bonnet a spiteful little fling. "I hate it!" cried she, with sudden nerve. "Mother makes me wear it, but I pull it off the minute I get out of sight. I want a hat like the other girls. So!"

"I thought the bonnet was real pretty," said Silas, sympathizingly. "I'd wear it, if I was you. You're so light-skinned you'll burn real easy. You're something the color of them apple blows over there now; it would be a pity if you got brown."

"I don't care if I do! Thank you for the flowers," she added, a little more softly, as she went out the gate.

Silas stared after her. "She changes round so quick," said he, "as if she was in a gust of wind. First her head a-dropping down, an' then she goes to dancing. She's got the prettiest face I ever saw. She's prettier than mother was. I declare I might count her with them flowers I was countin' over when she came. She might come in after the daffodils."

When he went into the house and busied himself about cooking his dinner, he did say the string of flowers over several times and named Althea after the daffodils. The fancy seemed to please him. He lived alone now; he had always had his mother with him up to the last two years. Now she was dead. His father had died years before, when Silas was a young boy. He had been a hard-working, penurious man, and had amassed in his lifetime what the townsfolk considered quite a property. He owned his house and land clear, and had, besides, a little sum in the bank.

In his lifetime Silas and his mother, who was a meek, sickly woman, had been pitifully pinched. After his death, when the restrictive clause had ceased, they found it difficult to rid themselves of the habit of being so. Many a time Mrs. Vinton would look scared when some extra expenditure came in question, and say: "O, Silas, what would your father say!" The old man's iron, grinding will still lived on in his house after he was dead.

Still they made some innovations. Silas took the larger part of the garden for flowers and cramped the vegetables into a smaller space. Silas and his mother had not been allowed room for one little flower-bed before. After his mother's death Silas went further. He would not sell his vegetables, but gave them away to any one of the neighbors who wanted them. He took the greatest delight in it. The sale of vegetables had always been quite an item to them, but he never thought of missing the money. He was naturally generous, and giving was what singing would have been to him had he been musical. In apple and cherry time, too, the children swarmed about his place. They were very fond of Silas and visited him a great deal at all seasons. He seldom had any other visitors.

Silas had never seemed like other young men, whether it was owing to his having been with his mother so much or his own natural disposition. He never had any associates of his own age, of either sex; nobody ever dreamed of his getting married. People called him a little simple. They were simple country folk themselves. He was probably no simpler than they, only his simplicity took such a different direction that they recognized it as such. Silas had always loved flowers. As he grew older, and especially after his mother's death, when all direct human interest was gone, the love of them turned his whole self. He was natural enough to grasp after some absorbing interest, and his gentle taste seemed to point that way the easiest; and he might have turned a worse way, though it might have been a nobler one, than into beds of lilies and thickets of roses. He was so fond of his dainty pursuit that it was only very dimly that he felt the need of any thing else. He ruminated so heartily and long over his flowers that it might have been with him as with Marvel's farm. "Lillies without, roses within." His very thoughts might have been tinctured; he thought principally of his flowers, and his brain was full of true images of roses and lilies and apple blossoms.

But now he began to think of Althea. After she came for the parsnips she slid into his mind along with the flowers continually. He hoped every day her mother would send her again on some errand, but she did not. Silas, without knowing that he did so, watched and waited every day for her. Finally, after a week or so, it occurred to him that Althea's mother might like more parsnips. So he carried her a great basketful. After he had gone he would not come into the house, but lingered a moment in the yard looking wishfully at Althea, who stood in the door behind her mother. Mrs. Rose eyed her daughter knowingly and sharply.

"Silas Vinton didn't come to bring me parsnips," said she.

Althea looked up at her, frightened. She still stood a few paces behind her mother; it was her way. If they were out on the street together, Althea followed after her always. When her mother attempted to face her, Althea always stirred softly round behind her.

"He came to see you," said her mother, turning round again. Althea turned too, and looked more scared than before, and made some unintelligible dissent.

"Yes, he did," said her mother; "don't you contradict me, Althea."

It was easy enough, after seeing Mrs. Rose, to understand how the daughter got her peculiarities. The mother had molded the daughter after her own model as exactly as she could, and more exactly than she was herself aware. Mrs. Rose must have looked very like Althea in her youth. She wore her light, partly gray hair cut squarely around her ears, just like Althea's; her dress had the same prim, uncompromising cut. She was arbitrary and full of a self-confidence that was absolute power, and so was Althea. All was, the girl had not yet shown her disposition; her mother, by her older, stronger will and force of habit, as yet kept her down. She only rebelled furtively. The stern rule she had always been under gave her a shy, almost cowed, demeanor; once in a while the spirit in her gave a flash, as it were, and that was all. The two were alone; they had no relatives. They had a small pension to live on and owned a small house besides. Mrs. Rose's husband had died in the army. They never called on the neighbors, and the neighbors never called on them. "Queer folks," they called them.

Mrs. Rose's opinion seemed fortified when Silas came the next Sunday night and made a call. He went to evening meeting first and then walked down the shadowy road toward the Rose house. The Roses were not meeting folks, and he could not walk home with Althea, and so break the ice. However, Silas was not bashful. It is doubtful if he realized he was going courting at all. He had a great bunch of flowers in his hand, and he was merely going to carry them to Althea; he did not look much beyond that. His horizon, blue and sunny though it was, came close around him always. So he sat in Mrs. Rose's sitting-room that evening and eyed Althea sweetly and kindly, but was not perturbed, though he said very little.

"He's comin' after you, Althea," said her mother, after he had gone.

Althea, slinking behind her mother, burst into tears.

"What are you crying for?" asked her mother, sharply.

"I—don't want him to."

"Get your candle and go to bed."

Silas came regularly every Sunday evening after that, but he met with an obstacle in his wooing which might have nonplussed some lovers—the mother always staid in the room when he called. There she would sit, straight and fiercely watchful, her bushy short hair curving round her ears. However, Silas was not annoyed. The need of a formal declaration never suggested itself to him; he supposed Althea knew, and there was no need of saying much about it anyway. It would have puzzled any one to have told Althea's opinion when Silas' attentions became persistent; she was shy and docile, but never expressive. Still it was all right with Silas, as long as she did not repulse him. He had had so much to do with flowers that he derived his notions of girls from them. He did not look for much return but sweetness and silence. At last Mrs. Rose grew impatient. Spring had come round again, and Silas had visited Althea a whole year, and still nothing decisive had been said. She could not see why. It was singular that with her keen character she should have been so stupid, but she was. She did not dream that her own watchfulness and intense interest might delay matters.

One night she spoke out bluntly when he was taking leave. "Look here, Silas Vinton, I think if you an' Althea are goin' to git married, you might as well be about it!"

"I'm ready when Althea is," said Silas. He gave one glance over at her behind her mother, then he did not dare to look again. He was outwardly calm, but the shock of Mrs. Rose's sudden remark was over his very soul. He felt as if he were still in paradise, but as if some angel had given him a rude shake.

"O, she's ready enough," said Mrs. Rose. "She don't need to have any thing more'n a dress new, an' we can make that in a week."

"A week!" repeated Silas, half in rapture, half in stupidity. "Well, I'm all ready when Althea is. I'm all ready." He kept saying it over as he backed down the steps.

"I'll git the stuff for the dress to-morrow, then," called Mrs. Rose after him, standing in the door.

"I'm all ready when Althea is," Silas' voice answered out of the darkness.

As for Althea, when the door closed after him she began to cry. Her mother turned round and saw her.

"What air you cryin' for?" she demanded.

"O, mother, I don't want to get married in a week. I won't! So."

"Althea Rose," said her mother, "if you don't quit cryin', an' light your candle, an' go to bed an' behave yourself, I'll shake you!"

And Althea lit her candle and went. The old whip-crack was too much for her. But when she was in her room alone, she clinched her fists, and shook her stubborn head at herself in her little looking-glass.

"I won't," muttered she. "So!"

The next morning the trees were all in blossom, and Silas was out in his garden working. He was all over his excitement of last night. His mind was running in the larger circle into which Mrs. Rose's proposal, like a stone in a pond, had thrown it, just as calmly as it had in a smaller. He felt as if he had always been going to be married in a week.

"It's jest such a mornin' as 'twas last year," said he, "when I counted her in after the daffodils."

"Silas!"

"Why, Althea, you've come ag'in!"

She was flushed and trembling, but her eyes were keen. "I want to tell you something, Silas."

"Why, Althea, what is it?"

"You won't tell mother! Promise you won't tell; promise—promise."

"Course I won't, if you don't want me to. Althea, what is it?"

"She'd kill me. You won't tell!"

"No, never, long's I live!"

She gave a scared glance around her. "Mother's making me marry you," said she, bluntly, "an' I don't want to."

"O, Althea!"

"It's the truth."

Silas stood staring at her pitifully. "You was so afraid of her you didn't dare say any thing, weren't you?" said he.

"Yes, I was."

"You poor little thing!" Great tears ran down Silas' cheeks.

"Then I needn't marry you, need I?"

"Course you needn't."

"Well, how can we fix it?" You know we've got to tell mother something."

"I guess I don't know just what you mean."

"Mother'll make an awful fuss; she's set on my having you; she thinks you've got property. An' if she knew I was the one that broke it off, she'd kill me. You've got to make her think you're the one."

"But I ain't."

"That don't make any difference; you've got to make her think so."

"But what shall I say the reason was?"

"Say you've thought it over, and you don't know how to support a wife." She'll believe that. They all know your father was awful tight."

The bewilderment in Silas's face almost obscured its awful sadness.

"You won't let her blame me, anyhow, will you, Silas?"

"No; she sha'n't blame you. I'll tell lies before she shall blame you."

"You are awful good, Silas. Say, you don't mind much, do you?"

"No. Don't think nothin' about me; I sha'n't mind; I've got my flowers. Althea——"

"What?"

"I don't know as you'll want to; I jest happened to think of it, that's all. You know folks, when they're goin' to get married, the way we was, kiss each other. You 'ain't ever kissed me. I never thought much about wantin' you to till now, when you are goin'. Would you mind it to kiss me once? I don't suppose you will want to——"

"Yes, I will," said Althea; and she put up her sweet face and kissed him.

He choked back a sob. "You'd better go now," said he, "or your mother'll be wonderin' where you are."

She looked frightened. "You be sure not to let her blame me," she said as she turned to go.

"Yes, I'll be sure. Don't you worry, Althea."

She disappeared amongst the filmy green bushes, and he sat down on a stone under the cherrytree, and held his head in his hands.

When he got up he looked older. Sorrow at one jerk had taken him farther out of his long childhood than the years had. He was a step nearer the rest of the world; he would not be so odd, by that much, again. He went up through the garden to the house; he looked about him wonderingly as he went. "Thar's been an awful change," said he to himself. "I guess I don't see straight. The flowers an' things look queer, as if I hadn't seen 'em before. It's worse than mother's dyin'. There ain't so much God in this. I don't know how to go to work to stan' it. Poor little thing! she sha'n't have no more trouble about it, nohow."

Very close to the Rose house stood another, tiny and modest and white-curtained; but it had an eye and an ear ever alert in it. The woman who lived there was sickly, with too active a mind for her own narrow life, so she fastened it on her neighbors. This last evening when Silas went to the Roses she knew it, as usual. When, by and by, she heard loud talk, she raised her window softly and listened. The front door of the Rose house was evidently open, and the talkers were standing in the hall.

She could only hear one voice to distinguish the words; that was Mrs. Rose's. When she was excited she always spoke very loud. "You're worse than your father was," the listener heard her say, "and he was tighter than the bark of a tree; but he wa'nt quite so mean but what he could get married. Althea's well rid of such a poor stick as you. Don't s'pose she'd hed 'nough to eat if you'd married her, nor a dress to her back."

The loud talk kept on, and the woman listened greedily. When it had ceased, and Silas had crept down the path, and the door had closed with a great house-shaking slam behind him, she felt more healthily alive than she had for many a day. Soon all the town knew how Silas Vinton had jilted Althea Rose—because he was too tight to support her. His courtship had made a deal of laughing comment; now he was mercilessly badgered. He shut himself up with his flowers and bore it as well as he could. Once a neighbor he had given vegetables to many a time offered him pay. That almost broke his heart. Then others no longer asked for them, and he understood why. He never met Althea at all. For the next two years, except for one or two glimpses of her from his window, he would hardly have known she lived in the same town.

In the winter of the second year a man who came to his house on an errand asked him if he knew his old girl was going to be married.

Silas turned white. "What do you mean?" asked he.

"Althea Rose is goin' to get married, if the feller don't back out 'cause he don't want to support her. What do you think of that?"

"I'm glad, if she likes him," said Silas.

"Well, mebbe when he comes to count up the cost he'll think better on't."

Silas made no reply to the taunt. He stood behind his window-shelves of plants and watched the man go down the sidewalk. "I don't wonder he talks so," said he. "But thar wa'n't no other way to save her. I had to have some reason. The worst of it is, it ain't true."

Silas' potted plants were very beautiful that year; they were covered with blossoms. Every one stopped to look at his windows. Silas sat behind them that day after he heard the news, and watched the street. He was hoping Althea would go by; he wanted to see her. She did come in sight toward night—a slender, girlish figure, in some prim, eccentric winter garb, as noticeable as her summer one.

Silas ran to the door. "Althea."

"What!" said she, standing at the gate.

He went down the steps and stood beside her.

"See here, Althea. I heard this morning you was going to get married. Is it so?"

Althea looked down. "Yes."

"I jest want to know—it's safe for you to tell me, Althea; I'd die sooner than any body should know. I jest want to know if it's all right this time; if *you* want him, or it's your mother making you, the way it was before. 'Cause, if it is, don't you marry him. Don't you be afraid of your mother; I'll stan' by you."

"I—guess it's all right, Silas."

"Then your mother ain't making you! Don't you be afraid to tell."

"No, she ain't. She couldn't, really. I'd manage somehow, the way I did before, if I didn't want him."

"I'm glad it's all right, Althea."

She giggled softly. She was fingering a gold locket which she wore outside of her shawl. "See what a pretty locket he give me," said she; "he's real generous."

"She didn't mean to hurt me when she said that, I know," said Silas, when she had gone on and he was back in the house. And he was right, she did not: she was only a cat's-paw for a scratch of fate that time.

She was married a couple of weeks later. On the afternoon of the wedding-day one of the neighbors' children came in to see Silas. She was a pretty little thing, and he was very fond of her. She used to tease her mother to let her go over to Silas'. When she entered Silas' little front room to-day the first thing she did was to stare at the plants in the window. Every blossom was gone.

"Why, Silas," she piped up, "where's all your flowers?"

"They've gone to a weddin', deary," said Silas.—*Mary E. Wilkins, in Harper's Bazar.*

PLOWING UNDER CLOVER.

Misapprehensions Current Among Intelligent Agriculturists.

The extravagant claims based upon the estimates made by agricultural chemists as to the manurial value of a ton of clover lead to misapprehension among a good many farmers. They are led to believe that there is a feeding value and a manurial value in addition to the clover, and that the farmer who feeds a ton of clover hay to his stock gets these two values from it. This is a sort of illusory view to take of it, and, while it is pleasant to think of, it is of no real value practically, for the farmer never actually gets the money in his hands so that he can see it from these double values of his clover. Clover is a most useful plant, but it is subject to all the laws of vegetable growth and alimentation, and nothing is got out of it that it does not contain, nor can any of its valuable elements be used twice over.

It is also a common belief that clover gets most of its valuable qualities from the atmosphere, and that it is able to draw the large quantity of nitrogen it contains from the air, or from a soil in which so little is contained that no other crop could extract much. The result of this is supposed to be that a clover crop plowed under which furnishes 180 pounds of nitrogen per acre is all gain, and adds to the soil a very liberal free contribution from the air.

These views are not correct and at times do mischief by misleading farmers and causing disappointment. For clover is often sown on very poor land in the hope that a good crop of it may be grown which can be plowed under and at once restore the soil to a condition of fertility. This hope of course is never realized, and not only disappointment but loss is the result. The truth is that clover, no more than any other plant, can get from the atmosphere or any other source than the soil, any nitrogen beyond the small quantity which has been traced to this source and which is from seven to ten pounds per acre yearly. It must therefore gather from the soil itself all that it contains save this very meager contribution, and consequently can add nothing to it more than it receives from it. A crop of clover, then, of any value can only be produced upon land which is quite rich in plant food, and to expect to grow it upon poor land must always lead to disappointment. For this reason the practice of plowing under clover is better adapted for preserving fertile land in good condition than for restoring poor land which has been run down and exhausted by overcropping. This should be clearly understood. The most that can be expected of this plant is that its deeper roots are able to reach the plant food which lies below the roots of other plants which forage nearer the surface, and thus it can be grown upon soils which will not produce the other crops.

In regard to its feeding and natural value some explanation may be useful. Clover is valuable for the nitrogenous matter it contains both for food and manure. If it did not yield up its valuable food elements in this way there would be no inducement for the farmer to use it. The dairyman would have no use for it and would employ some other crop. But when it is used for fatting full-grown animals who do not take up any of the nitrogen of it, or but a small portion, then this valuable element of it goes out into the manure and becomes available in that way. The manure from fattening animals is always richer than that from milking cows, growing young stock, or working oxen, because the carbonaceous elements of the food only are used up, and the others are rejected in the manure of the former, while the latter consume nearly all of the nitrogen in the production of milk or flesh or the repair of the muscular tissue, as the case may be. This being the case, then, it appears that the commonly accepted statement is to be received with due allowance for these facts, and that when the improvement of the soil is the object sought it must be considered that the plowing of clover is the best practice under certain conditions, because then the surface soil gains a large amount of fertilizing matter; but this gain is all at the expense of the deeper soil. The land itself has gained but very little, it has simply been benefited as regards the growth of shallow-rooted crops by the shifting of a large portion of its plant food from an inaccessible part of the soil to a better and more attainable position. This is all. When, however, a farmer is feeding cattle for fat during the winter, clover hay is the best fodder he can use because it furnishes an abundance of nitrogen to balance the abundant carbon of the corn and so preserves the animals in a healthful condition; and as this nitrogen is not assimilated, but is discarded as an excess of nutriment, the greater part of the most valuable constituents go out in the manure.—*N. Y. Times.*

—When the waiters struck at the Palace Hotel in Cincinnati the landlord mustered in five chambermaids, two scrub girls, two barbers and two clerks. The guests seemed to like it.—*Cincinnati Times.*

THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

—All the cannon foundries of Europe are overrun with orders and working day and night.

—It is said that the contract for twenty-six miles of cable railroad in Melbourne, Australia, has been given to a firm in this country, and that the cars will probably be made here also.

—The use of asphaltum in building is said to be largely on the increase, principally employed as a preventive against damp cellar walls and mason work underground; also for water-tight cellar floors, cisterns, vaults and the like.

—The division of labor and improved machinery are doing away with the thorough learning of trades. When the present generation of shoemakers and blacksmiths are dead it will be hard work to find a man who can make a complete boot or make a horseshoe and nails and then shoe the horse properly.

—Never-ending hurry is but a rhetorical expression for haste that leads to decay and early death. Look at him whose diligence is sustained by skill and tact, interchanging with rest, and you will see the worker who has no need of haste, yet he will accomplish more than another whose hurry is waste.

—A lady in London, standing almost alone, has succeded in so rousing public interest that it looks as if very soon her demands would be accorded, namely: A day of twelve hours, and every other Sunday off, for the drivers and conductors of horse cars. At present eighty per cent. of the men have a day of sixteen hours.

—The *American Manufacturer* (Pittsburgh) says that the tendency to use iron instead of steel is shown in many ways, one of which is the disappearance of puddling furnaces. At the new Bessemer plant of Jones & McLaughlin, the annual capacity of which is 58,000 net tons and 150,000 kegs of nails, six puddling furnaces were torn down.

—At Summer Hill, eighty-eight miles from Pittsburgh on the Pennsylvania railroad, an iron bridge weighing 190 tons was moved thirty-two feet in forty-eight minutes to permit the erection of a stone arch bridge. A similar substitution will be made in the case of all the iron bridges on this road, in order that heavier engines can be used with safety.

—The *American Journal of Railway Appliances* says that little is positively known of the increase of atmospheric resistance to moving bodies with increase of speed. At low speed, pressure is thought to increase as the speed, and at high speed to increase as the square of velocity. Hence the difficulty of increasing the speed of express trains. May not locomotives some time be built with prows like those of ships to obviate this difficulty?

—Stone that is quarried one day and built into a wall the next day is in a green state and unfit for durability. It is at its weakest point of endurance either of pressure or of atmospheric influences. Its pores are open and ready to absorb not only moisture, but all the gaseous and disfiguring influences which tend to its destruction. Every stone-mason knows that to get a polished surface on a stone the same must have lain for some time out of the quarry and exposed to the drying influences of the sun and weather. This is a sufficient hint to the builder to see to it that the stone of which he would rear a permanent structure must be thoroughly seasoned before it is placed into a wall.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Preparing for the ball.—Madame (to her maid)—"Marie, what dress do you think I ought to wear to match this bracelet?"—*N. Y. Herald.*

—When a man comes from college he knows it all, but gradually he forgets all that he knows and eventually learns something.—*New Haven News.*

—It is said that a "mule can not bray if a brick be tied to his tail." Yes, but what becomes of the man who engineers the brick?—*Burlington Free Press.*

—A Denver paper devotes twenty-four columns of space to a negro murderer who was hanged there last week. The sheriff let him off with a single line.—*Life.*

—The Smethport (Pa.) *Miner* estimates the amount of bark peeled in McKean County the past season at 150,000 cords, and the value of the bark and logs at $3,000,000.

—We suppose it is in order to have a wedding-cake at a wedding, but why not give the guests a good clubbing instead? Then they would know what hurt 'em.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

—"Take my card to Miss Smawkins. I will wait here." "The missus has gone out." "Very well: I will wait." "I'll send down her father, sir." "On second thought I won't wait."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The consumption of lead-pencils in the United States is placed at 250,000 a day. If every woman who uses a lead-pencil were to sharpen her own the consumption, it is estimated, would amount to about 250,000,000 a day.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Maud—"Have you seen the new letter-sheet envelopes?" Edith—"Yes, they are just lovely." "I have not tried them yet." "You must get some, dear. After writing your letter you have the whole of the inside of the envelope for postscripts."—*Omaha World.*

—Anxious Mother—"It was after nine o'clock when Clara came down to breakfast this morning, and the poor girl didn't look well at all. Her system needs toning up. What do you think of iron?" Father—"Good idea." Mother—"What kind of iron had she better take?" Father—"She had better take a flat iron."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"Well, what were you brought up on?" asked the justice us a blear-eyed tramp stepped up to the bar. "Judge, I was brought up on the bottle," was the quick response. The justice eyed him sternly a moment, and then ejaculated: "Ten days for drunkenness and five dollars for contempt of court."—*Rambler.*

—"I have ventured," he said, "to buy this diamond ring, fondly hoping that you would allow me to slip it on your finger as a token of our engagement." "I am very sorry, Mr. Smith, but you are too late—I am already engaged; but if you will have it altered to fit my little finger I will shower upon you the wealth of a sister's affection."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—All the world has heard of Bill Travers, the Hood of Wall street. He stutters terribly, but the stammer embellishes, rather than detracts, from his stories. It was Travers who silently surveyed the Siamese twins for a quarter of an hour, and then said: "B-b-b-brothers, I p-p-p-presume."—*N. Y. Post.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

MENDING.

Don't forget to mend, boys;
Tools are handy things;
And a little patching up
Often comfort brings.

Drive the nail of purpose
Deftly here and there;
Hammer with your might and main,
If you but repair.

Don't forget to mend, boys,
As you go along;
If you find your will is weak
Try to make it strong.

Mend your manners daily;
Try to be polite;
Rudeness in a growing lad
Is a painful sight.

Roughness is becoming
In a polar bear,
But the making of a man
Needs some daily care.

Don't forget to mend, boys,
All your doubtful ways,
As so merrily you climb
Up to manhood's days.

As you go on building,
Let your labor blend;
Character will brighter shine
If you stop to mend.
—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in N. Y. Ledger.*

HELPING HERSELF.

Nan Was a Girl Who Did Not Sit Down and Cry, But Went to Work and Earned a Good Time.

"I am sorry to deny you, my daughter, but I can't possibly afford it. Business is very dull just now, and it is hard to get hold of any ready money."

"Never mind, father," answered Nan, cheerily, as she saw a look of care resting on her father's brow. "I'll set my wits to work and see if I can't find some way to earn the money myself, and if I can't, well, it won't break my heart not to go."

"Thank you for being so brave about it, dear," answered her father, giving a loving pressure to the little gloved hand that rested on his desk, and Nan bade him good-by as brightly as if tears were not very near her eyes.

She did want twenty-five dollars so badly. The graduating class at the academy had planned to have a camping party in the mountains, and as the expense was to be shared by several, it was comparatively light.

Nan knew her father was very indulgent, and that it was a real pain to him to have to deny his only daughter any thing, so she did not let him guess how keen her disappointment was, but bore it bravely.

It was a sore disappointment, though, for all that, and her pretty eyebrows met in a straight line as she frowned, a habit she had when she was thinking deeply. If there was only some way in which she could earn the money, but what *could* she do? She pondered the question as she walked down to the post-office. The mail was not quite ready for distribution, and she waited for it, gazing abstractedly at the jars of stale candy in the window, that she sometimes thought had been there since the beginning of the store. The mail took longer to distribute than it used to, for the hotel was full of summer boarders.

"Have you got any caramels?" Nan heard a young lady ask of the postmaster, who was storekeeper as well. "Isn't there any fresh candy to be bought in this place?"

"If you would like to try a little of this," began Mr. Weldon, going toward the dusty jars, "we have no caramels on hand just now."

"No, I don't want any of that," was the decided answer, as the young lady swept out.

"I shouldn't think she would," thought Nan disdainfully. "I could make better than that myself."

Nan was quite renowned for her skill in candy-making among her acquaintances, and this was no vain boast.

Perhaps some subtle connection between the young lady's demand for caramels, and the consciousness of particular skill in making that especial confection, brought the next idea into Nan's head.

Her face grew radiant.

"Eureka!" she cried. "I have it. I see the trip rising before me. I smell the pine forest, for I am sure now that I can go."

The next morning Nan arrayed herself in a huge gingham apron that threatened to engulf her trim figure and went into the kitchen. She spent the warm morning in hard work, and the result of her labors was seen that afternoon when she took a large box of delicious caramels of several varieties down to Mr. Weldon's before mail time.

"Mr. Weldon, I have come to make a business arrangement with you if I can," began Nan, bravely, though she was conscious of a little shyness.

"Well, what can I do for you, Miss Nannie?" he inquired, encouragingly.

"I want to make candy to sell, because I want to earn a little money for a particular purpose," began Nan, blushing, "and I want to know if you would be willing to sell it at forty cents a pound, and keep ten cents a pound to pay yourself for the trouble."

"Well, I would do that with pleasure, only, Miss Nannie, though I don't doubt your candies are excellent, you see, home-made candies are hard to sell, because they are never as attractive in appearance as the regular confectioners make, even though the latter may be inferior."

"Do these look home-made?"

With conscious pride Nan opened her box.

"Bless me, did you make these yourself?" exclaimed Mr. Weldon, in enthusiastic admiration. "Why, these are very shipshape. You leave them, and we'll see what success we have this afternoon."

The five-pound box was empty when Nan returned to see the result, and everybody had been enthusiastic over them, Mr. Weldon declared. He was very well contented with his share of the profits, so Nan went into the business in a wholesale manner. It was weary work and trying work sometimes, but she kept to it faithfully, thinking of the accumulating funds in a little box in her bureau drawer. The trip had been planned in September, and she had two months in which to earn the money, and she had no fear that she would fall short of the desired amount. There was more likelihood that there would be a little overplus, which would be very acceptable.

"Don't say that girls can't be independent," exclaimed Nan, gleefully, as she finished her last box of candy and dispatched it to Mr. Weldon's. "And you mustn't be sorry that you didn't have it to give me, father, for I shall enjoy my trip all the more because I have really earned it all myself."

And she did. I don't think any one enjoyed every day and every hour of the trip more than Nan; and her pleasure was heightened by the consciousness that she had earned it.—*Christian at Work.*

THE U. S. TREASURY.

A Great Structure Where Hundreds of Millions of Bonds, Bank Notes and Gold Are Kept—A Hard Day's Work.

At New York we took the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, and so one night found ourselves in the depot at Washington, the capital of our country. While the baggage was being attended to, we took time to look at the room where President Garfield was shot. There is a gilt star in the marble floor, and above it an eagle, with the statement that the President stood there when he was shot. But by this time our carriage is ready, and we must go. I am sure we are very glad to get into more comfortable beds than the railroad furnishes, and sleep soundly till morning.

As we have but a short time to stay, our chief business must be sightseeing. There is the Capitol, the White House, the Treasury, the War and Navy Departments, the place where paper money and stamps are printed, Washington monument and many other things. But this morning we will go to the treasury, where all the United States money and bonds are kept.

"My! what a great building it is!" you say. And indeed it looks pretty large and strong, with its stone walls, and great pillars, and heavy doors. Fortunately for us, we have a friend who will introduce us to one of the officers of the building, and he will give us a pass that will admit us to many interesting places.

The first thing we notice is the impossibility of the building burning—iron and stone walls and floors. How many clerks there are too! women running their fingers through bills as fast as you could draw a stick along a picket fence. Suppose one of those women should make even a little mistake in counting while she is going so fast? She would lose her position, and her salary, I am afraid. They have to be very careful, with so much money to attend to. Here is a little room no bigger than a good-sized clothespress, and with just as many shelves. They are filled with papers—United States bonds.

"How many dollars' worth are there here?" you ask of the man who is showing us through.

"About a hundred million," he says. Now don't open your eyes too wide, or you will hurt them. It is a great amount for such a small place, isn't it? Don't you wish you had as much in your clothespress?

Now we will go into another clothes-press, or *money*-press, as we might say, where instead of bonds, these are real bills, with figures on them showing the amount they are worth. These are done up in packages of half a million dollars apiece, and as the gentleman who was showing us through put two of these packages into my arms, I have been a millionaire, for about fifteen seconds, and have experienced great losses. In this room there are many millions of dollars, too. But we must go to the next. Here there are bags on the floor tied up and labeled. It is where the gold is kept. Here is a bag marked ten thousand dollars, and I am going to try to lift it, but it weighs too much. I am inclined to think no thief would carry off one of those bags, if he got a chance.

Now we are in a long hall, and on either side the walls are of heavy iron. These are safes, and have, many of them, "time-locks," which will open only so many hours after they are set. Once one of these locks was set a good way ahead, and they were anxious to open it, so they got a man to drill through the iron, and it is so thick that it took him considerably over a day to get through, doing his best. So even if a thief had the right tools, could not get through in a night.—*Pansy.*

AUTUMN BONNETS.

Novelties in Felt and Velvet—Medium-Sized Round Hats.

The first openings of millinery at the wholesale houses disclose fine felt bonnets of such choice qualities that they rival those of the richest velvets. These smooth felts come in capote shapes, with higher open fronts than those lately worn, or else with a turned-back revers which is to be trimmed with beads, velvet or feathers; the crowns are also slightly longer, and there is a trifle more breadth to the whole bonnet. The new colors are well represented, notably heliotrope, rosewood and the gray-blue Salammbo; but in glancing over a mass of such bonnets the prevalence of navy blue and brown is evident, and there are also many clear gray shades. The new green-blue shades are shown in fine felt hats, but are not largely imported; the red hats are either the bright poppy shades or else of such dark hues that they are labelled *acajou* (mahogany) or dahlia.

Velvet bonnets come in all the shades just noted for felts, and are either in plain velvet or else embroidered with self colors or with metal threads, the latter being very effective on white or black velvet, while silver embroidery is on almost all colors, and is sometimes so closely wrought as to wholly conceal its foundation. The jardiniere embroidery on ivory white velvet is exceedingly elegant for dress bonnets, and there are soft India cashmeres wrought with silks in India colors and designs for trimming bonnets of the dress fabric, or of felt.

Round hats of medium size, a compromise between low English turbans and the high-crowned French hats worn during the summer, are imported for autumn and winter. They are made of felt, with their brims turned up closely all around, but wider in one part, usually on the left side, but sometimes in the back, and the brims have a wide facing of braid or velvet or feathers, or are entirely covered with a feather facing, or else they have braided felt facing, or are lined with felt of another color, as a poppy red facing in a dark blue hat. Feather turbans are shown again with the crown indented, the shape long and slender from front to back, and the whole made of the tips of pheasants' feathers.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—A Reading (Pa.) drug clerk, annoyed by some little boys, caught one of them and painted his lip with oxide of silver. When the boy tried to wash it off it turned black, of course. His mother nearly skinned the lip rubbing it, and then took her son to the clerk. He put on carbonate of soda, and that made the lip smart and the boy howl. Then she got a warrant charging the clerk with assault and battery.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—The idea of naming a little girl baby Earthquakeana just because she was born in Charleston two or three hours before the shaking up is simply horrible. The poor innocent little thing may have cried, but she didn't cause the earthquake, and there is no sense in tying it to her and making her drag it through life.—*Cleveland Leader.*